

The TATLER

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and **BYSTANDER**

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Pearl Freeman

Mrs. Attlee's Twin Sister: Lady Willis

Lady Willis is the wife of Admiral Sir Algernon Willis, K.C.B., C.B., D.S.O., who is now Commander-in-Chief Mediterranean Fleet in succession to Admiral Sir John Cunningham. Lady Willis was Miss Olive Christine Millar before her marriage, daughter of the late Mr. Henry E. Millar and the twin sister of the wife of the Prime Minister. Admiral Willis was Second Sea Lord at the Admiralty from 1944 to 1945



PORTRAITS IN PRINT

SIMON HARCOURT-SMITH

I WAS staying this weekend in that somewhat mysterious frontier-land between Sussex and Hampshire, which is for me eternally associated with the early peccadilloes of Emma Hamilton, and the childhood of Mr. H. G. Wells. On Saturday we drove through lovely, overblown country into Chichester, to visit the antique shops. Alas! They were all tight closed. But the abortive journey at least furnished an occasion for seeing the "Dodo" house.

All over England, one is shown houses which Sir Christopher Wren is supposed to have built. I believe, however, I am right in saying that no record exists of his ever having executed a private commission. But there is strong reason to think he did have a hand at least in the planning of the "Dodo" house, so called from the pair of great stone birds upon its gate posts. Wren came to Chichester to supervise the repairing of the cathedral spire, and tradition has it he at least designed the rough plan of the "Dodo" house during his stay. The extraordinary beauty of the whole, the incomparable quality of the detail certainly does suggest, as does no other Wren "attribution" I have seen, that the hand of genius has lingered lovingly here.

No other race, save perhaps the Venetians of the sixteenth century, have known so well as the English how in a small and modest street to build a miniature palace. This little house in Chichester belongs in spirit to the world of palaces, of laughter, and diamonds and eyes no duller. Instead, it is the office of some local authority, its grand doorway is painted a most unfortunate sort of yellow, its graceful ironwork is a cockroach brown. Yet, never for a moment does it abdicate its dignity of small palace; the hungry generations, you feel, could never get it down.

Sir Christopher Wren

THE possibility of so much grandeur on so small a scale perhaps comes from Sir Christopher Wren's early training in the building of very sumptuous bee-hives. Evelyn, newly introduced to the brilliant young prodigy at Oxford—"that miracle of a youth Mr. Christopher Wren, nephew of the Bishop of Ely"—describes how, "he was the first who show'd me the transparent apiaries which he had built like castles and palaces, and so ordered them one upon another as to take the honey without destroying the bees. These were adorned with a variety of dials, like statues, vases, etc., and he was so abundantly civil on finding me pleased with them as to present me with one of the hives. . . ."

The Military Taste for Nature

MOTORING back to London yesterday morning, I passed a great stretch of what must once have been beautiful country, and now is as bare and bleak as the European situation.

It served, I learned, as a War Office experimental ground for tanks. It is touching to think that the military have such admirable taste in landscape. But would they not be well advised rather to try out their new toys among the abandoned mine-workings which we see all too frequently in the North of England, the South of Scotland, or South Wales?

There surely they would find a terrain more closely approximating, than anywhere in the South of England, to the sort of country across which the British Army is called to fight every generation or so.

But it does not, I suppose, very much matter one way or another. If it isn't ruined by the Army, this stretch of country is bound to be defiled by the speculative builder. For the train services round about grow more brilliant every year, inviting the construction of stockbrokers' half-timbered mansions by the score. And in any case what does it signify where the Army exercises? If we permit ourselves the luxury of another war, we shall all blow ourselves to pieces, or Europe will sink into a sort of barbarism, where the habit of "commuting," indeed the habit of even admiring the landscape, will be unknown.

UNTIL last year, I was not given to the use of fountain pens. Nor do I believe in becoming a slave of some toy. The agony on the faces of my friends lest their cigarette lighters do not work is warning enough; besides, I am all against the forming of habits—even good ones. But last summer, as a reward for being an usher at the wedding of a great friend, I was given a new sort of fountain pen which had been invented by a Hungarian in the Argentine, which ended in a minute

ball-bearing instead of a nib, which would write for six months without refilling, and would not burst if you went up high in an aeroplane. It had its disadvantages. To begin with, it made everybody's writing assume a uniform spidery air. But it was the only pen I have ever been able to write comfortably with; for correcting type-scripts, it was infinitely more convenient than a pencil.

The other day I absent-mindedly left my pen on a writing table in one of the few places where one has a right to expect some measure of honesty. As soon as I was aware of my bereavement, I hurried back in search of the thing. Servants obligingly scurried this way and that, rewards were offered; no result. And when, captured by the habit of my pen, and paralysed by its loss, I try to buy another one (for they are now manufactured in this country), I am told there is no hope for months; they all go for export.

I hope the shameless thief of my pen derives



nothing but unpleasantness from every letter he writes with it; I hope it leaks over his shameless fingers, renders his writing so foreign he will be accused of forgery, and sentenced to years of the hardest labour. Above all, I hope that somehow, somewhere, I shall be able to find another pen of the same sort.

England in Egypt

WHATEVER the qualities of the new Anglo-Egyptian Treaty, it brings to an end once and for all one of the strangest phases in our Middle Eastern policy. In 1880, Mr. Gladstone came to power on a programme the reverse of imperialistic. In particular was he pledged to shatter the fabulous Beaconsfield-Lytton opium dream of a vast new British Empire in Central Asia. But while drawing in our Indian horns, he became inveigled, unwillingly, into a far more spectacular piece of imperialism than "Dizzie" had ever thought of—the extension of British power and influence from Alexandria almost down to the head-

Lady Gould-Adams Gives a Supper Party at Her Flat in Cadogan



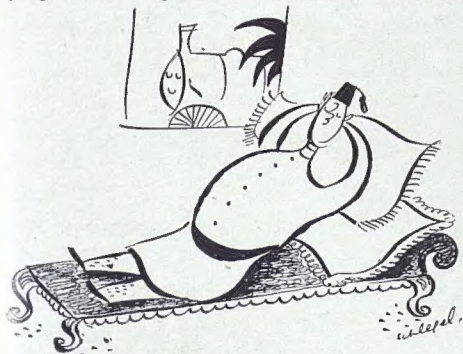
Mr. Keith McLellan from Montreal, Canada, Lady Gould-Adams, and Baron T. Roth



Mr. Michael Turner-Bridger and Miss Mary Ovey, daughter of Sir Esmond Ovey

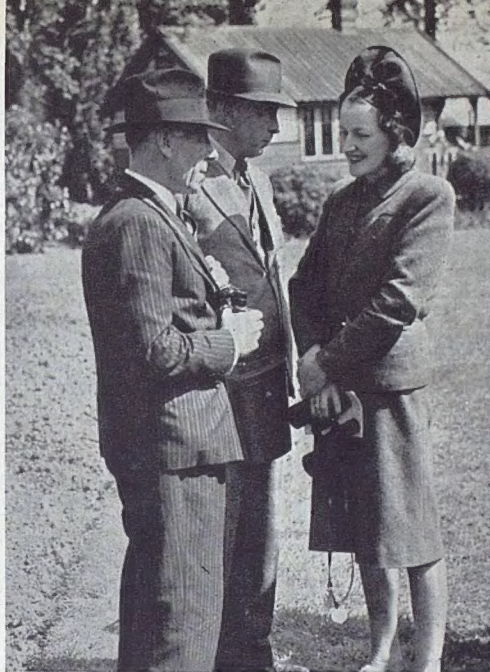
waters of the Nile. Our special position in Egypt, which we have enjoyed for more than sixty years, is directly due, not to British greed and intrigues, but rather to the extravagances of that extraordinary figure, the Khedive Ismail, the satrap who made possible the cutting of the Suez Canal, and commissioned *Aida* from Verdi for the occasion of its opening.

What a fantastic, yet by no means unsympathetic figure was Ismail, the most



curious and in some ways the most intelligent ruler of the dynasty founded by the fabulous Mehmet Ali. He took such a personal interest in the new Cairo-Alexandria railway, that he insisted on the trains not running during the two hours of his afternoon siesta. He could not bear to think of them puffing their dusty way, while he, so to speak, was in another world. He built and decorated a profusion of palaces in an enchanting mixture of Second Empire and Cairene taste; his passion for everything Western was such, he once paid a French banker no less than 14,000 dollars for a gold toothbrush, comb and hair brush. Such wild spending at last landed him in the power of the bankers. Gingerly the British Government intervened to see justice done. Then came Arabi's revolt, and before he quite knew what had happened the reluctant Mr. Gladstone found himself compelled practically to take over the entire administration of Egypt from its corrupt and incompetent pashas.

Nobody likes the presence of foreign troops on their soil. But I doubt whether the warmest Egyptian patriot could deny that we leave the country in a far healthier state than that in which we found it. Still, I sympathize with Egyptian national aspirations to some degree when I read Thackeray's fulsome exultations, somewhat before Ismail's day, at the sight of the Englishmen in Egypt "with their pluck, manliness, enterprise, bitter ale and Harvey sauce. . . ."



Mr. George Duller and the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk



Mr. Lavington, and Mrs. Lavington the racehorse owner



Mrs. Carlos Clarke with her sister, Lady Throckmorton, wife of Sir Robert Throckmorton



Racegoers in the Sunshine at Windsor

Captain Charles Moore, the King's racing manager, Sir Ulick Alexander, and Lady Mary Nunburnholme, wife of Lord Nunburnholme

Gardens Before the First Post-war Ball at the Ladies' Carlton Club



Major Michael Wright and Miss Waterford



Miss Petronella Elliott and Captain David Gurney, son of Sir Hugh Gurney



Mr. William Buchanan and Miss Monique Bohn



JAMES AGATE AT THE PICTURES

Stars and Strips (Comic)

Now for all the pother over *Le Jour Se Lève*. I wonder whether talking to Hollywood is any use. It takes two to make a quarrel, and equally it takes two to make a conversation—one to talk and another to take in. To any biped with a brain-box above that of an ape it should be obvious that Hollywood's action in the matter of destroying all the French reels of this great film combines the height of monstrosity with the depth of silliness. But have Hollywood's film magnates brain-boxes superior to the ape? I think not; the greater part of the evidence goes to show that they are not only sub-human but sub-simian. Because Hollywood is going to make some stupid travesty entitled *The Wrong Side of the Bed*, or something of the sort, we are never again to be allowed to see Jean Gabin, Jules Berry and Arletty in this masterpiece. This is as though Hollywood's film of *Hamlet*—Alan Ladd as the Dane, Veronica Lake as Ophelia, Charles Coburn as Claudius, Spring Byington as Gertrude, and W. C. Fields as Polonius—were to prevent any actor ever again attempting the part in his proper person. As though a musical made out of *Rosenkavalier*—the trio to be sung by Deanna Durbin, Judy Garland and Betty Hutton—were to interdict for ever all flesh-and-blood performances of Strauss's masterpiece. But there! I don't think getting into a paddy is going to help.

Let's look into the matter a little more closely. "The film has been sold to the Americans," a well-known manager said to me the other day, "because the British hadn't the guts to buy it." I am not sure that the manager had got it quite right. It is just possible that for once the British film magnates realized that a film couldn't be cast in this country. And why couldn't this one? Because our four best-known film performers cannot among them register a change of facial expression. Whatever happens Mr. A. wears the same frown and goes on wearing it, while Mr. B. shows the same torso and goes on showing it. As for Mesdames C. and D., you cannot tell from their faces whether they are suffering from heartache or heartburn. Whereas Hollywood can cast the film, not as well as the French, but well enough. I imagine that Humphrey Bogart, von Stroheim and Jennifer Jones would do quite well if they were given the same script. But they won't. What they will be given is some sickly nonsense turning the French film upside-down and sentimentalizing it to

the consistency of treacle mixed with glue.

To be angry with Hollywood does no good.

What about ridicule? What about telling that land of swimming pools that its famous Bowl is not big enough to hold all the curses and execrations now being hurled at it? What about banter? What about putting into the mouth of the Spirit of Hollywood Delina Delaney's "Come, courage, come! Heaven help me, else I dwindle into the puddle of shame, and damp not only my feet, but, alas! my whole body." But I am afraid that that, too, is no good. What about an appeal? What about suggesting that California's bookshops—if California has bookshops—should be ransacked until somebody finds a copy of Walt Whitman? Then let somebody spell out to Hollywood's magnates the kind of song the great poet thought America was going to give the world, and put them wise to the rubbish it is giving out now through its films and its radio.

HERE is a note I had the other day from a world-famous studio:

"Evelyn Keyes' legs are looking particularly svelte these days. She contends it is because she is wearing garters that belonged to Mistinguett."

And only a few weeks ago I saw a copy of a horror with ukelele accompaniment by one Buddy Kaye and one Ted Mossman based on Chopin's A flat Polonaise, and called "Till The End of Time":

Till the end of time,
Long as stars are in the blue—



"*Spellbound*" stars Ingrid Bergman and Gregory Peck, and is directed by Alfred Hitchcock. It has psychiatry and psycho-analysis for its theme and background and is based on the novel "The House of Doctor Edwardes." In the story, Gregory Peck, suffering from amnesia, is suspected of murder, and Ingrid Bergman, a psychiatrist who loves him, tries desperately to save him from unjust punishment

Long as there's a spring,
A bird to sing,
I'll go on loving you. . . .

To be sung "slowly with much expression"!!!!
Can these things be?

YES, they can. I went the other evening to the Empire in Leicester Square to see a film about which I think some of my colleagues have been a little unfair. The picture was called *Two Sisters from Boston*, and my colleagues have been complaining that it doesn't begin to make sense. But so much the better! If it had begun to make sense I should have been furious. Instead I was entertained by a diverting account of the difficulties encountered by any young girl graduating in strip-tease and trying to gate-crash Grand Opera. I read Miss Lejeune with awe; I gaze at Miss Powell's column like a hypnotized rabbit; my attitude towards Mr. Richard Winnington is a combination of these two. But is it possible that I have caught him out in a small error? He wrote:

"I hope that Lauritz Melchior (from the Metropolitan Opera) was well rewarded for singing the theme of the slow movement of Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto to the words:

"I have travelled far in my search for a star,
All my thoughts are of you, all my dreams
have come true."

My notes do not quite bear him out on this point. I find that I recorded on the back of an envelope:

Duet for Melchior and Allyson. Andante.
M's Violin Concerto. Lyric begins:
"Long, long have I loved you,
From the days of my childhood. . . ."

Hum it, and see which of us is right. On the other hand Melchior is always worth listening to, and Allyson certainly pleases me better than a French or maybe Belgian prima-donna whom I heard recently. This lady wound up with that song in which Bellini expresses the perturbation of a High Priestess about to strangle her offspring, and her jubilation when she has done it. And she gave to every note a vibrato more insistent than the road-drill now demolishing a shelter ten yards from my window! And then the film was not altogether unwitty. For example, Schnozzle Durante, addressing a lot of chorus-girls, says: "If you'd been educated you couldn't know less!" And a butler, asked by his employer who the young woman is that the son of the house has just carried through the hall replies, "I didn't notice anybody, Sir." Which could have come perfectly from Wilde's Lane.

YES, I enjoyed the show at the Empire, and was in the mood to be told at the Café Royal of a man who had been heard to sing Dvorak's Humoresque to the words:

Passengers will please
refrain
From all attempts to
pull the chain
While the train is stand-
ing in
A station!

"Symphonic Variations"

Pure Dancing At Its Best

FREDERICK ASHTON has been called "the dancer's choreographer" and the title was never more fully deserved than in his latest ballet, *Symphonic Variations*. The first night audience which saw it performed by the Sadler's Wells Company at Covent Garden recently seemed to recognize it spontaneously as his masterpiece. They had just seen nineteen and a half minutes of "pure" dancing by only six dancers, all of whom are on the stage all the time. The costumes and decor by Sophie Fedorovitch, which are severely simple, serve to emphasize the wonderful flow of human movement with which Mr. Ashton has interpreted Cesar Franck's music. There is no story and the six characters (Margot Fonteyn, Pamela May, Moira Shearer, Michael Somes, Brian Shaw and Henry Danton) represent nothing but the lovely images which the choreographer conjures up in unending variety.

Mr. Ashton has already had a number of important works to his credit, but none perhaps which shows quite such deep feeling as this. If Mr. Ashton is the "dancer's choreographer" he certainly does not spare his subjects. The new work is quite the most strenuous in the present Sadler's Wells repertory.

Incidentally, it affords the spectator an unusual opportunity of seeing the three "Princesses Aurora" of *The Sleeping Beauty* on the stage at the same time, all doing the same things, and it gives a big chance to a young man in the company, Brian Shaw, who has not been seen in so important a role before.



The Theatre

"Sweetest and Lowest" (Ambassadors)

THE second edition of a successful revue commonly turns out to be the old revue in disguise—"shorter in wind as in memory long." But *Sweet and Low*—incomparably the wittiest of war-time diversions—was astonishingly able to found a family. This grandchild can scarcely be expected to achieve an heir, but its youthful gaiety belongs to its own generation, it has inherited grand-mama's malicious enjoyment of the passing pageant and at least it is like to live as long.

THERE is, of course, a strong family resemblance, but the old spirit takes on distinctly new and amusing shapes. In *Sweetest and Lowest*, for instance, Miss Hermione Gingold and Mr. Henry Kendall sat at an ivied restaurant table scratching with envenomed claws any old theatrical friend who happened to be passing. This time, Miss Gingold clad wondrously in samite and wearing a halo, drops into Hell where Mr. Kendall, his horns as yet embryonic, is sipping champagne. "What is it like here, darling?" she inquires. "Heaven, darling!" replies Mr. Kendall, seizing the bottle by its neck. "What is it like up there?" "Hell, darling," explains Miss Gingold. "They are all miscast, and I don't know a soul." They fall to discussing their friends, Mr. Kendall supplying the latest news of them, Miss Gingold with an intensely charitable smile making the "obvious" comment. So enjoyable is the conversation that, sending her chariot home, she decides to stay for ever; and though there is not much good nature about the wit, it is plentiful, and Hell seems a pleasant enough place.

SOME comediennesses would not care to appear as Picasso might have painted them. Miss Gingold makes no bones whatever about it, or rather she sports a supernumerary limb, flaunts all the deformities and displacements characteristic of the master's work and for

headgear wears a haddock. "Spy no more!" is her ironical salute to Mr. Noel Coward's war-time activities; and in "Mother India" she makes of the elderly woman lecturer, whose matter is as negligible as her manner is portentous, a sort of Epstein grotesque. For Miss Gingold is rarely satisfied to burlesque; she is an instinctive satirist, and her victims must feel that they have been stung by a scorpion. When she thrusts out her lips until they seem as heavy as stone it is a sign that the scorpion is about to sting, and though all she may do is to interject into a song about British films the innocent words "and nice Mr. Rank!" we somehow feel that Miss Gingold has a bitter hatred of monopoly, and that poor Mr. Rank has had to answer to her for the sins of monopolists the world over.

MR. KENDALL's more genial comedy makes a nice contrast. Perhaps inevitably he repeats from the second edition of the series the extremely amusing picture of the Duchess explaining the English pantomime tradition to a puzzled American, and that of the Guardsman frisking gallantly in an enormous bearskin about the star's dressing-room, but he has one or two new things that are very nearly as good. In a burlesque of Mr. Stanley Holloway he evokes the glories of the Gibson girls at Daly's, hints at the horrors of married life with a Civil Servant who is one hundred per cent hearty before breakfast, and suggests the pathos of a bomber pilot who is dismissed from a City desk for lack of initiative. His comedy is as kindly as Miss Gingold's is harsh; it is a great deal less certain, but even when it misses fire an engaging stage personality keeps him in high favour; and together they give the revue its characteristic note of sophisticated fun. The dancing is perhaps not altogether worthy of the burlesque, though Miss Edna Wood leads it vivaciously, but the sentimental episodes are brief and mostly pleasant, not the least pleasant being a period piece by the late Herbert Farjeon. Mr. Alan Melville is the principal author, and he is to be congratulated on having so adroitly caught the tone of the series. He has had the courage to follow his wit wherever it led, and sometimes it goes to enchantingly impudent lengths.

ANTHONY COOKMAN



The inimitable Gingold in one of her brilliant sketches



Henry Kendall dances in "Days of Daly's"—a deliciously nostalgic revival of the days of the Gibson girls

Sketches by
Tom Titt



Mother India: A quiet talk by Hermione Gingold



Four of the clever cast who support the two stars, Hermione Gingold and Henry Kendall—George Carden, Edna Wood, Olive Wright and Gretchen Franklin



*Prudence Hyman, Beatrice Lillie and Virginia Winter
in "Triplets"*

Intimate Revue with a Sparkle

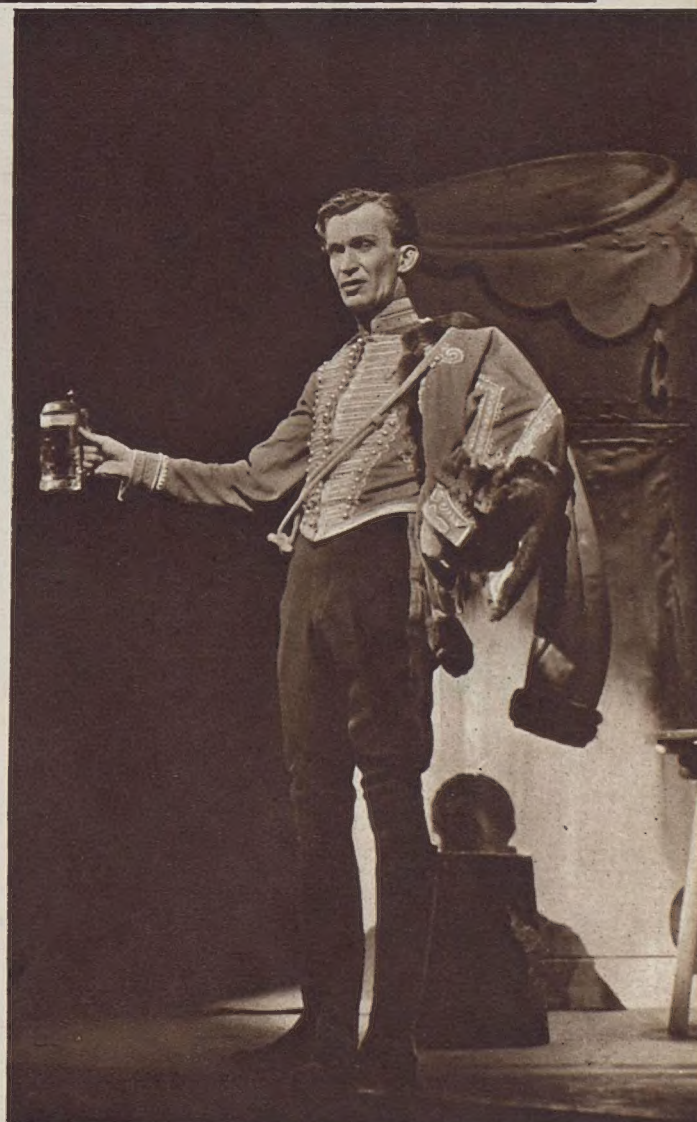
"Better Late" at the Garrick

Beatrice Lillie, after far too long an absence from the London stage, is back again once more in intimate revue at the Garrick. Although suffering from malaria contracted while entertaining the troops abroad, she was able to go on the stage and give her superb fifteen minutes' "exclusively Bee" when Princess Elizabeth, in a party of eight, arrived at the theatre one night last week. *Better Late* is by Leslie Julian Jones, and among the excellent cast are Joan Swinstead, Prudence Hyman, Kay Young and Walter Crisham

Photographs by George Dallison



Prudence Hyman and Walter Crisham in "Frankie and Johnny"



Walter Crisham Toasts a Forgotten Gallantry



EILEEN JOYCE, PIANIST

EILEEN JOYCE comes from Australia. She has established herself as a first-rate artist with music-lovers in this country, because of her playing at concerts, and by her fine performances in the sound-tracks of several films, including *The Seventh Veil*, where hers were the un-teen hands that deputised for Ann Todd. She was born in Tasmania, and when her parents moved to Kalgoorlie the nuns of Loretto Convent brought her to the notice of Percy Granger, the pianist-composer, who asked William Backhaus, the famous German pianist, to hear her play. He urged that she should be trained in Leipzig, the funds for which were raised by a series of concerts given by Eileen Joyce herself and by subscriptions contributed by the townspeople.

She arrived in England after her Leipzig studies, with a technical equipment that so impressed Albert Coates on first hearing that he took her to Sir Henry Wood, who invited her to play at an early Promenade Concert at Queen's Hall. Her reputation grew in the London concert world, and also in Australia, where she returned for a tour in 1938. However, the general musical public throughout Britain did not hear her in person, until Jack Hylton wanted her to share with Moisewitch the honours of appearing as soloist with the London Philharmonic Orchestra, when he sponsored that body during a tour of blitzed towns during the war. To-day Eileen Joyce is well established as one of the leading pianists in this country



Gordon Anthony

ALEC GUINNESS, ACTOR

IN January of this year, Alec Guinness, one of the best of to-day's younger actors, was released from the R.N.V.R. He had risen from the ranks to become a lieutenant, and was in command of an L.C.I., spending most of his service in the Adriatic. His sensitive portrayal of Hamlet in Tyrone Guthrie's 1938 production of *Hamlet* was his first leading part, and it was in complete contrast to that of the modest, likeable eccentricity of Bob Acres in *The Rivals*, which he also played that year. Alec Guinness has starred in many successful films, including *Flare Path* in 1942, for which purpose he obtained leave from the Navy. He is now in *Great Expectations*, which is being produced by the Ciné Guild. This company also produced *Brief Encounter*.

Alec Guinness is taking the part of Herbert Pocket. Other members of the cast include John Mills as Pip, Martita Hunt as Miss Havesham, Bernard Miles and Valerie Hobson.

On April 29th he commenced rehearsing in his own adaptation of *The Brothers Karamazov*, in which he will probably play the part of the brother Mitya. Alec Guinness has just moved from one historical house to another. His first belonged to Nelson, and his new home in St. James's Square is unique, for the whole square and its church were built for the veterans of Waterloo. The architecture is late-Georgian, showing the commencement of the "heavier" type of architecture which followed, but still retained, the grace and neo-Greek classical influence of the earlier period.



The Hon. June Barrie is the eldest daughter of the late Lord Abertay of Tullybelton and Lady Abertay. She was born in 1928 and her two sisters, the Hon. Rosemary and the Hon. Caroline Barrie, are three years and five years younger than her respectively. Her mother is the daughter of the late Sir James Thomson Broom



Lady Maureen Le Poer Trench is the eldest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Clancarty, and they live near Lewes in Sussex. Lord Clancarty, who is the sixth Earl, succeeded his father in 1929. Lady Maureen and her younger sister, Lady Patricia Le Poer Trench, served with H.M. Forces during the war



Miss Jane Scott is the eldest daughter of Capt. Mason Scott, R.N., and the Hon. Mrs. Scott. She served for two years in the W.R.N.S. and has just returned from Madrid, where her father recently completed his appointment as Naval Attaché. Her mother was formerly the Hon. Irene Seely and is a daughter of Lord Mottistone

Janifer writes

HER SOCIAL JOURNAL

THEIR MAJESTIES spent the ninth anniversary of their Coronation quietly at Royal Lodge, Windsor, where they had gone for the week-end, and it was not until the following day that the Ambassadors and Ministers and other official visitors called at Buckingham Palace to sign the Visitors' Book in token of their congratulations. The practice of "signing the book," once regarded as an essential part of a visit to town by those even remotely connected with the Court, and as a paramount duty by any who had just been received or presented, is another of the old customs of a mannered age now falling into disuse. It is only on special occasions like the Coronation anniversary or a Royal birthday that much attention is paid to it, in contrast to pre-war days, when the book was kept at the door to which it gave its name on the left of the Palace. Every afternoon, in those more spacious days, the book was taken up to the King for perusal: it formed a valuable index of who was in London and who was not. Perhaps time may revive this rather charming custom; but, for the moment, at any rate, the Visitors' Door remains closed, as it was throughout the war, and the book is kept in a little office at the other end of the Palace.

To one diplomatic visitor received recently by the King those days remain as a very vivid recollection. His Excellency Sheikh Hafiz Wahba, the Minister of Saudi Arabia, has been a member of the Diplomatic Corps at St. James's since 1930. His flowing white head-dress with its gold cords has been a familiar sight at almost every diplomatic party, every official reception, every State function in the past sixteen years, and it was to do him signal honour that His Majesty invited this tall, distinguished Arab to the Palace, conferring on him the K.C.V.O., an unusual distinction for a foreign envoy, and an expression of the King's personal recognition of all that the Sheikh, who remained imperturbably at his post in London throughout the blitz and the fly-bombs and the rockets, has done for

British-Arabian relations. Not long after the Sheikh—himself one of the most senior members of the Corps Diplomatique—had left the Palace, Sir John Monck, Marshal of the Corps, had the unhappy duty of conveying to the King and Queen news of the death of Baron de Cartier de Marchienne, the Belgian Ambassador, and much-loved doyen of the Corps. The news came as a personal sorrow to both the King and Queen, who knew the polished Belgian diplomat with a great love for England well, and greatly admired his depth of character and integrity.

NO GREY TOPPERS

APPLICATION lists for the Royal Enclosure for the first Royal Ascot of the peace closed a week or more ago, and I hear that the number of those anxious to prove their claim to see the races from—or to be seen on?—the most exclusive racing lawns in the world is greater than ever. The Duke of Norfolk, as His Majesty's representative at Ascot, has the not-too-easy task of sorting out the doubtful starters in this social event, and exactly the same rules about divorce and so on are being applied this year as in pre-war days. One pre-war rule, however, has not been retained, but reversed. The grey topper and morning coat, once the indispensable uniform for men on the Royal Lawns, are definitely out this year. Service uniform or lounge suits are decreed as the correct wear, and if any men with a regard for fashion and a grey topper and tail-coat which have escaped the ravages of the moth turn up in that attire, I understand they will be asked to change—a rule that many Ascot-goers of both sexes will regard with regret.

PRINCESS AT CHARITY BALL

PRINCESS ELIZABETH attended her first charity ball when she honoured Mrs. A. V. Alexander, the President, and Lady Rupert Nevill, the Chairman, with her presence at the ball

they had arranged at the Dorchester to raise funds for that very good cause the King George's Fund for Sailors (both Royal and Merchant Navy). Her Royal Highness, who had already taken the salute at the military pageant "Drums," in aid of the Army Benevolent Fund at the Albert Hall earlier that evening, arrived about eleven o'clock with her Lady-in-Waiting, Lady Mary Strachey. She was received by Lady Rupert Nevill and Admiral Sir Aubrey Smith, and sat at a table with Lord and Lady Rupert Nevill, Mrs. Hugo Tweedie, Miss Fortune Smith, Lt.-Cdr. Peter Ashmore, R.N., Major Eric Penn, Mr. Michael Naylor-Leyland and Capt. Ian Moncrieff. Wearing an aquamarine-blue satin dress with an aquamarine bracelet and stud ear-rings to match, Her Royal Highness danced first with Lord Rupert Nevill and then with other members of the party, while later in the evening she danced three sets of reels, her partner for one of these being Capt. Ian Moncrieff. The music for the reels was supplied by the King's Piper.

Among those who took parties were Mrs. A. V. Alexander, who had Mrs. Attlee at her table. At a nearby table Capt. Dennis Larking, with seven rows of ribbons on his naval uniform—an impressive and inspiring sight—was with Mrs. Larking and Major and Mrs. Eveson; the last-named is Mrs. Alexander's daughter and was Vice-Chairman of the ball. At the table next to Princess Elizabeth, Miss Violet de Trafford, one of the younger members of the committee, had a party of eight, including her youngest sister, Catherine, who is just eighteen, Miss Elizabeth Jackson and Miss Ralli. The men in this party were Mr. Tommy Egerton, Lord Rocksavage, Mr. Hugo Waterhouse and Lord Burghersh. At another table were young Lord Savile with his sister, the Hon. Deidre Lumley-Savile, Mr. Pat Buckley and Lady Sarah Savile, the Earl and Countess of Mexborough's youngest daughter, Sir Charles and Lady Madden, the latter wearing lovely orchids on



Yvonne Gregory

Miss Patricia Bailey is the only daughter of Lady Bailey and the late Admiral Sir Sydney Bailey, K.B.E., C.B., D.S.O. She was in the W.R.N.S. during the war and her only brother, David, is a Naval Cadet. Lady Bailey, who is American-born, is the daughter of the late Col. Charles Bromwell, of Washington, U.S.A.



Vivienne

Miss Zöe Leighton Seager is the daughter of Sir Leighton and Lady Seager, and is one of this year's debutantes. Her father is a past-President of the Chamber of Shipping of the United Kingdom, and an ex-High Sheriff of Monmouthshire, and her mother served as a Junior Commander in the A.T.S. during the war

Some of the Personalities Who Came to See This Year's Exhibition at the Royal Academy



Lord and Lady Brabazon of Tara. Lady Brabazon is South American-born and comes from Buenos Aires

her lace dress, had a party of six. A picturesque figure at the ball was Miss Bapsy Pavry in a beautiful pale-pink sari, who during the evening presented the Princess with a cheque for the Fund. Admiral Sir Thomas and Lady Troubridge had a party, as did Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Reynolds-Veitch, Lord and Lady Strabolgi, Miss Peggy Churchard (who is just off to the United States with I.L.O. for conferences), the Hon. Elizabeth Cholmondeley, Viscountess Morley and Capt. R. G. Bowes-Lyon, who is a first cousin of H.M. the Queen. The Marquess of Tavistock joined a large party which included Mr. Weldon and Lady Dalrymple-Champneys, the Hon. Mrs. Ian Lyle, Sir William Crawford, Mrs. Ronald Gilbey, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Payne and Mrs. Scott Callingham.

On pages 240-241 are pictures taken at the ball.

POINT-TO-POINT DANCE

THE magnificent banqueting-hall of Alnwick Castle, one of the seats of the Duke of Northumberland, with its fine heads and shields around the walls, and huge bowls of gigantic rhododendrons here and there, made a lovely setting for the Percy, West Percy and Lt.-Col. Milvain's Hunt Point-to-Point dance, which was thoroughly enjoyed by a big gathering of Border folk. Pink coats were once again to the fore, although there were also many uniforms and dinner jackets to be seen. The Duchess of Northumberland, in a grey satin dress with five rows of lovely pearls, was entertaining a small party with her two sons, the Duke of Northumberland (a steward at the Point-to-Point), and his youngest brother, Lord Geoffrey Percy, both wearing pink coats. The Duchess was Master of the Percy from 1930-33 and, with the late Duke, was Joint-Master from 1933-38. The Marquess of Kildare, who is Master of the West Percy, was at the dance with a party which included Capt. and Mrs. Desmond Sarson and Miss Ann Eustace Smith. Major and Mrs. Simon Browne brought their attractive daughter, Ursula, and were in a party including Mrs. Dodo Ropner, the Hon. John Beckwith, Major Charles Burrell and Mrs. John Eustace Smith.

Sir Leonard and Lady Milburn brought a party including their pretty daughter, Darea, in blue, and their son, John, who was in the Northumberland Hussars and taken prisoner. Capt. and Mrs. Michael Beresford Pierce were there with Major and Mrs. Lowe, and three more attractive girls I saw were Miss Marjorie Weekes, her cousin, Miss June Streatfeild, Miss Elizabeth Fenwicke-Clenell and Miss Rosemary

Mould Graham. There was a lot of chat at the dance about the point-to-point the following day, which was run over the Rothbury course and which has the reputation of being very stiff. It was the first time it had been used since the war, and Capt. Peter Bell had got it in fine trim. Most of those at the dance came to the point-to-point next day, and among those I saw in the paddock were the Countess Grey with a large party, including some of her grandchildren. Lt.-Col. Roly Milvain, M.F.H., whom I met walking with his daughter, Ann, and Lord Ravensworth, were also there and Sir Thomas and Lady White, with their little daughter. Miss Griselda Fenwick, now returned from her exciting time abroad with a canteen, was there with her sister, Mrs. Pauline Libburn. Others were Capt. and Mrs. John Straker, Capt. and Mrs. Blundell Brown, Miss Avey Straker, Mr. Pat Blackett and Mr. James Keith.

THEATRE- AND HOUSE-HUNTING

QUITE a few celebrities who were in London last week spent a considerable part of their time-hunting for things which were once easily obtainable but which are now as rare as diamonds in Germany. At the May Fair, over from Eire, was Mr. Louis Elliman, who is the presiding genius behind the famous Gate Theatre. Record success in Dublin now is Michael MacLiammoir's play *Ill Met by Moonlight*, named after the quotation by Yates. It is an entrancing play about the adventures of a family who buy an old house in the south of Ireland set inside a fairy ring, and what the fairies do to the inhabitants could only happen in Ireland. Mr. Elliman, however, was quite unsuccessful after a long hunt in finding a London theatre for this delightful play, which is a great pity, as many theatre-goers wish to see it.

Back from the hinterland of Bucks were Miss Sally Gray and her sister, "Bud," who is every bit as attractive as her sister, which is saying a great deal. Miss Gray, who is now completing her part in *Green for Danger*, a thrilling murder film set in a military hospital, has been trying for months to find a house near the studios. She and her sister were also unsuccessful. Only celebrity to find what he wanted was the Indian star Sabu, who will always be remembered as the elephant-boy in Sir Alexander Korda's films. Sabu arrived at the May Fair around midnight, hours late after his flight from New York to make a film over here. All he wanted was a fire! The English climate, as usual, had decided to plunge the temperature to Arctic conditions. Fortunately, the coal position at the hotel was just about able to stand the strain.



Swabe

Air Chief-Marshal Sir Arthur Barratt, K.C.B., C.B., C.M.G., M.C., and Lady Barratt. Sir Arthur was A.O.C.-in-C. British Air Forces in France in 1940



Mr. Henry Bousfield, the writer, with Mrs. Bousfield on the steps of the Royal Academy

A WEDDING AT NEW COLLEGE, OXFORD

**Lt.-Col. Cunningham
Marries Miss Delia
Mary Holland-Hibbert**

THE marriage took place recently of Lt.-Col. W. M. Cunningham, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. James Scott Cunningham, of Auchendarroch, Wishaw, Lanarkshire, and Miss Delia Mary Holland-Hibbert, younger daughter of the Hon. Wilfrid and Mrs. Holland-Hibbert, of Grove House, Beckley, Oxford. The bride was given away by her father, and Lt.-Col. Brian Boyle was best man. The bride's father, who is the only brother of Viscount Knutsford, has been Estates Bursar to New College for twenty years. The wedding was held in New College Chapel, and the reception in the Hall of New College, by the kind permission of the Warden and Fellows of New College, Oxford. The Hall of this beautiful and historic old College was completed in 1368; on the walls are portraits of many famous people connected with New College. The College itself was founded by William of Wykeham in 1379. Wykeham designed an exclusive connection between his Oxford college and his school at Winchester. This connection is maintained in a modified form, for Wykeham's foundation was for a Warden with seventy Fellows and scholars with chaplains and a choir. The present foundation consists of not more than thirty-six Fellows, while to the scholarships six are made annually from Winchester and four from elsewhere. The buildings of New College remain in a great measure as designed by the founder, and illustrate the magnificence of his scheme. The period of building was that of the development of the Perpendicular style. The chapel where this wedding took place is, especially fine, and there is a remarkable West window in monochrome erected from a design by Sir Joshua Reynolds

*Photographs by
Swabe*



*The sun shines on the magnificent old walls of New College
as the guests go to the reception*



Viscount Knutsford and his sister-in-law and brother, the Hon. Wilfrid and Mrs. Holland-Hibbert, the parents of the bride



Lord and Lady David Cecil. Lord David is the younger son of the Marquess of Salisbury



Lt.-Col. William M. Cunningham and his bride, Miss Delia Mary Holland-Hibbert, cutting the cake



Miss M. Charrington and Lady Magnay, wife of Sir Christopher Magnay



Mrs. Carr, the Marquess of Lothian, Lady Lascelles, Miss Annabelle Carr and the Marchioness of Lothian

PRISCILLA in PARIS

"... a richer joke"

THE *Fête du Travail* has been anything but festive! It reminded me of the staid and boring Victorian Sundays of my early childhood. A Labour Government with strong Communist tendencies certainly does not encourage the joy of living. The crowds of holiday(?)-makers that dawdled along the streets of shuttered shops, closed theatres, cinemas and restaurants, with nary the possibility of getting a drink, even on the strength of a railway ticket, looked positively doleful. That the sun was shining and that barrows of luck-bringing lilies-of-the-valley turned the whole town into a flower garden did little to brighten the situation. Political meetings were well attended. This, of course, was the point of closing everything. The people, in search of entertainment at all costs, had nowhere else to go.

The Janet-O'Connor Abriq wedding I mentioned a fortnight ago has been even a richer joke than one dared to expect. Lashings of food and flowers and liquids. All the more frivolous element of the theatrical world was present. *Le Tout Montmartre* was out for a good time . . . and got it! If the guests did not go to the length of exchanging hats, à la 'Appy Ampstead, the bridegroom, at least, did his bit to entertain the party by putting on the bride's dress in order to sing a swan-song duet with his ex-partner Tonton. Jean and Tonton parted, there was not a dry eye in the place! Quite too heartbreaking.

Is it too late to speak of the big dinner-party thrown by a young authoress, who is an admirer of Charles Morgan, to celebrate the umpteenth hundredth performance of *Le Fleuve Etincelant* (The Flashing Stream). Invitations were in such demand that many guests were invited *en cure-dents*, as the French have it. To be a "tooth-pick" is not very flattering and, of course, arriving too early, those after-dinner Also-Presents spent an indignant hour, listening to the popping of champagne corks and other sounds of merriment by night, behind closed doors. But even those who sat at the festive board were not all as delighted as one might think. Many of them found that their seats were "below the salt," and were given tinned salmon mayonnaise, while the guests of honour wallowed in lobster. Such heart-burnings! But as a charming young friend of mine remarked: "I so wanted to meet Charles Morgan that I wouldn't have minded if I had only had a sardine." Needless to say, the hero of the evening was entirely unaware of these small jealousies, and only knew that half Paris was eager to shake him by the hand and offer congratulations.

The Flashing Stream has been succeeded at the Ambassadeurs Theatre by a programme of short plays by the late famous humorist and satirist, Georges Courteline, who, throughout

his long life, ridiculed French officialdom—his most famous playlet, *Les Ronds-de-cuir*, was translated as *The Bureaucrats*—and French legal absurdities in countless short plays. He died all too soon in 1929. What masterpieces he could have given us, inspired by our *cartes d'alimentation* and the innumerable small tyrannies from which we suffer nowadays. This entertainment is called *Le Charivari Courteline*. But why "charivari," which is the term usually applied to the entrance of clowns in the circus ring? The English definition of the word: "a French term used to designate the wild tumult and uproar produced by the beating of pans, kettles and dishes, mingled with hisses, groans, bawling and whistling, expressive of displeasure against an individual." Possibly the expression is not used to describe Courteline's delightful plays . . . it is infinitely more applicable to the incidental music and the airs (?) played during the intervals, composed for the occasion by such modern celebrities as George Auric, Philippe-Gérard, Henri Sauguet, Jacques Ibert, Elsa Barraine, Claude Delvincourt and Darius Milhaud. All of which sound, to an old-fashioned listener, tunelessly much-of-a-muchness. Methinks the producers would have been better advised to have played the *café-chantant* airs that were so popular in the 'eighties, when Courteline's delightful and witty playlets were produced at the Parisiana music-hall and a cabaret called the *Carillon* that have long since become cinémas.

Christiane Warnod's one-woman show at the Lucy Krogh gallery is a big success. It is the first exhibition that this exquisite painter of landscapes and flowers has given us since the world went black in 1939. On grey days it is pleasant to be able to turn aside from the busy street and enjoy a rest in the cosy rooms of this small gallery on the Place St. Augustin and spend half an hour in the midst of happy pictures that take one into lovely gardens. Her flower pieces are enchanting, and she has a clever brush for the lovely transparencies of crystal vases and the filtered light that shines through translucent bowls of spring flowers.

I HAVE been waiting for the results of the *Referendum* before finishing this piece. The "Noes" have it, thank *le bon Dieu*! The majority was satisfactory, but it might have been even more crushing when one thinks that probably there are many abstentionists who would have voted "no" if only their lazy hedonism had not taken them joy-riding and week-ending in the country. However, plenty of people did their duty, which shows that there is still sanity in this beautiful land. Here are a few side-lights on the way the Powers-that-were tried to circumvent us. It was announced that very sick people and newly-made mothers might vote by proxy, but at the last moment it was discovered that this only applied to the poor people in the public, State-run hospitals. Hundreds of brave souls managed to get round this. A young friend of mine, whose baby was born on May 1st, had herself carried to the polling booth on a stretcher accompanied by her six small children, ranging from two to eight years. You can imagine how she was cheered. Indeed, there was a procession of ambulances and invalid chairs to and from the polling stations all day. After putting my ticket in the box at 8 a.m., I hopped on my ambulance, collected a young man back from one of the torture camps and in the last stage of tuberculosis, and rushed him off to Chateaubriant, his home town, to vote. This was another 720-kilometre run on a peaceful, sunny Sunday . . . but it was worth it. The boy's face was eloquent, and who knows whether the joy of finding himself in his own surroundings may not prolong this young life that, like so many others, has been sacrificed to barbarism and madness.

Voilà!

• Paul Achard, the eminent dramatist and writer whose adaptation of Fernando de Roja's famous play *La Celestina* has now been running for several years, tells a good story of how a young thruster sent his first novel to a well-known author for his appreciation in the hopes of obtaining his signature to the preface. This was refused. The young man dispatched a friend to try to find out the reason. Pleading the cause of the writer, the friend said that the book had been re-written three times in the effort to achieve perfection. "I'm not surprised," said the famous author, "no one could be as boring as that at the first try!"



The village of Zermatt, the peak-bound hamlet at the foot of the Matterhorn, 5310 ft. up in the Southern Swiss Alps



One of the leading ski-ing and mountaineering guides is William Perren. This photograph was taken on the Gornergrat



Otto Furrer, the famous ski-ing champion, outside his chalet in the village of Zermatt

Postmarked "Suisse"

Alpine Scrap-book

To reach Zermatt from Kleine-Scheidegg you can either ascend the Jungfrau by funicular, sleep the night in a mountain hut, arise at dawn and ski down into the Rhône Valley, or alternatively descend, mit jepack, to Lauterbrunnen and embark upon an eight-hour inter-Alp train cruise through the Lotschberg to Brig.

I travelled "soft" by schnell-zug along with a cargo of G.I.s, who, in the intervals of consuming blood-oranges and bananas—which bloom on every station buffet trolley—clicked their cameras indefatigably at the scenery en route. Up here in Zermatt the American infusion must be an all-time high.

It needs a paint brush, not a typewriter, to pay sufficient justice to this enchanting Valais hamlet, with its centuries-old chalets strewn like some Lilliputian toy-town beneath the Sphinx-shaped top-knot of the Matterhorn. That's why I envy Lady Queensberry, who, wrapped in a duffle coat, is making a last-minute sketch of the village street scene from a balcony of the Mont Cervin, before entraining for Lausanne and home. She's been out here with her son, Lord Drumlanrig, and daughter, Lady Jane Douglas.

AND now come with me to the Gornergrat-Bahn, where the early-morning stampede makes any London rush-hour mêlée seem like a prep-school rugby scrum. Ankle-prodding with ski-stick points should, I feel, count as a foul. Maybe that's why the engine-driver is so active with his horn. Once aboard the train it takes some time to discover whether one is in a sitting or standing position. Both come to very much the same thing. By accident or design, I do not know, my hotel lunch bag consisted largely of sardine-filled rolls. An hour and a quarter later, by the time one has floundered on to the "first tee" of the Gornergrat, the altitude metre registers no less than 10,289 ft. With the sun beating down out of a truly gentian-blue sky, and the surrounding peak-line punctuated with Alpine "queens"—this skiers' Elysium is indeed something to write home about.

Yet, strange to relate, it is only within comparatively recent years that Zermatt—for three generations a mecca for mountaineers—has become a centre for skiers. Until the railway was made up the valley from the main Simplon line at Visp, it was more or less cut off from the outside world during the snow months.

BUT it is yet May 1946, and here, on the Gornergrat heights, gracefully poised for the homeward descent, is Mrs. Sydney Beer—whose maestro husband has been conducting concerts in Switzerland of late. Her snow wear is the very essence of chic, for she wears that hall-mark of the skilled skieuse—a short, dark-blue skirt with a salmon-pink jersey, woollen stockings and hair-bow to match.

Her 4½-year-old daughter, Mitzi, is the toast of the Café Alpina, where all true skiers congregate for a milk-shake-drinking marathon after the day's work is done. There you will see that charming and gifted person Ella Maillart, whose prowess both as an authoress and traveller needs no enhancement.

OTHER café "regulars" include Major Edward Beddington Behrens and his wife, plus their guide, Bergfurer, William Perren. William is a notable Zermatter, and the laird of an enviable chalet which he built all himself. Lady Jeans—wife of Sir James, the astronomer of that ilk—has just left for Paris to join her mother, who was war-bound in Vienna; and an English Member of Parliament—Capt. Ernest Marples of Wallasey—has distinguished himself by being the first Britisher to scale the Matterhorn at this time of the year almost within memory.

Photographed and Told
by Brodrick Haldane



Mrs. Sydney Beer, the Austrian wife of the conductor, and niece of the Princess Clementine Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, with her small daughter, Mitzi



Major Edward Beddington Behrens and his wife, the former Princess Irena Obolensky, who are among those spending a spring skiing holiday at Zermatt



Mlle. Christine Solvay with the Marquis Pucci, who is the owner of the beautiful Palazzo Pucci, in Florence



M. Ernest Solvay and his wife at the railway station, where skiers entrain for the Gornergrat heights



The Marchioness of Queensberry, who is also the artist Cathleen Mann, and her seventeen-year-old son, Viscount Drumlanrig



The Conservative Member for Wallasey, Capt. Ernest Marples, at the mountain railway station just before he set out to climb the Matterhorn

H.R.H. PRINCESS ELIZABETH ATTENDS THE ROYAL NAVY AND MERCHANT NAVY BALL



Dancing with Lord Rupert Nevill, Who is the Marquess of Abergavenny's Younger Son



The Princess was the Guest of Honour, and This was
Her First Public Ball



Miss E. Bell, Mr. W. Loudon, Lady Madden, Capt.
Sir Charles Madden, R.N., Miss Ann Fisher and
Capt. Paul Rich



Mr. Pat Buckley, Lady Sarah Savile, sister of the Earl of Mexborough,
Lord Savile, Miss Cherry Elverson, Mr. L. H. Cohen and the Hon.
Deirdre Lumley-Savile, sister of Lord Savile



Miss Elizabeth Jackson, Major Hugo Waterhouse, Miss
Caroline de Trafford and Lord Burghersh, son and heir
of the Earl of Westmorland



Mrs. A. V. Alexander, wife of the First
Lord of the Admiralty, and Lady Rupert
Nevill, chairman of the ball



Miss C. Ralli, the Earl of Rocksavage, son and
heir of the Marquess of Cholmondeley, Miss
Violet de Trafford and Mr. Tom Egerton



The Duke of Beaufort's Hounds Meet at Cirencester Park, the Home of Lady Apsley

Dennis Moss

The Duke of Beaufort on horse-back, Countess Bathurst, grandmother of the present Earl, Mrs. Christie-Master, Lady Cripps, Mrs. Pitman, Mr. Pitman, and, in the chair, Lady Apsley, mother of Earl Bathurst

The Duchess of Beaufort with Sir Frederick Cripps, whose home is Ampney Park, Cirencester. In the background are Lady Apsley, Lady Cripps and the Duke of Beaufort. The Hounds have never been out of the family since their establishment, except in 1896-97, when Mr. Wemyss was Joint-Master

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

Standing By ...

IN his austere Arabian garb (bowler hat, striped pants, black jacket, umbrella, and briefcase) the leading spokesman of the Arab Committee probably looked more impressive at a recent London Conference than his opposite number in the more gaudy Zionist costume (briefcase, umbrella, black jacket, striped pants, and bowler hat).

An Orientalist tells us the Arabs, like the Jews, got this costume from Persia. In the *Gulistan* or Rose-Garden of the poet Sa'di of Shiraz a crusty travelling dervish being teased by a moon-faced one in the Souk of the Confectioners at Aleppo recites the following impromptu verses:

There be few roses without a thorn;
It is a long lane which has no turning;
A stitch in time saves nine;
Lay off filling my new bowler with rose-leaf-jam!
O heavenly face, I will hurt you considerably.

Whereupon the fair one laughingly recites in her turn:

The worm is caught by the early bird;
Procrastination is the thief of Time;
This is Rose-of-the-Dawn in No. 5 of our Wisdom-of-the East series,
Don't ask me what it means, little ugly uncle!
As for your lousy old bowler, you look a cad in it.

The dervish then gets good and sore and sings back at her:

Every man deems his own lice to be gazelles!
(My own crack, copyright in all countries);
Listen, pifface, how can I go to the office
With my bowler hat full of semi-liquid conserve?

This typical Persian veneration for the bowler is shared equally (our Orientalist chum added) by the Arabs, who will never let a camel wear one. A camel thus attired reminds them too forcibly of travelogue-films called "The Soul of Britain," apparently.

Togs

A FILM-CRITIC describing a natty Hollywood male star as a re-incarnate Brummell was undoubtedly raving, we thought, in his mild, mousy way. What a demned thing to say!

Apart from being a personage of exquisite culture, with an acid wit, Brummell—though he certainly had his gloves made by four artists—invariably dressed like a gentleman, whereas many of Hollywood's exclusive male fashions look as if they were designed by a slap-happy morphinomaniac in Hell. On the other hand Brummell was not forced to live in a Metro-Goldwyn-Prusso-Aztec chateau with six underwater-lit swimming-pools, which doubtless leads to vexatious or provocative dressing. The familiar Hollywood custom of jumping fully clothed into these pools with a piercing shriek is kindly Nature's way of relieving the strain, they do say.

Excessive adrenalin-secretion, leading to the perpetual screams and brawls and riots and feuds of that dizzying loonybin, is largely due to Hollywood fashions, a New York nerve-specialist once assured us. When a 50-dollar Picasso sunset-silk shirt suddenly meets a 150-dollar Mexican plaid sports-jacket something must go up. Even a chic new 10-dollar tie covered with a design of surrealist postage-stamps. (we've

seen one) may cause a minor Hollywood star to go mad and address Mr. Goldwyn by his maiden name of Goldfisch, which is tantamount to suicide. *Brummell!* *Coo!*

Out

NOTING that the Fleet Street boys, who used to headline every woman barrister as "Portia"—most likely because Portia was not a barrister—have now tired of this trick, we suggested "Temple Belle" to one of them as a pleasing substitute. He rejected it with oaths.

The reason the boys have lost interest is, a chap in close touch was telling us, that the wiggly girls have so far failed to provide that front-page "splash" story for which Fleet Street has been waiting since about 1919:

PYJAMA MYSTERY GIRL PORTIA IN AMAZING
DRAMA SENSATION.

Chancery Blonde Starts Legal Bloodpurge.
JEALOUS K.C.'S DEATH-LEAP AT SNEERING
JUDGE.

"This Court Is Not a Love-Nest!"—Vicar's Cry.
ANGUISHED MOTHER'S PLEA: "I ACCUSE
BOTTLE, BOTTLE, BOTTLE, BOTTLE,
BOTTLE, WAGTHORPE, SNICKERS,
& BOTTLE, SOLICITORS OF BED-
FORD ROW!"

150 High-Court Ushers Sing "Shipmate O'Mine"
as Home-Girls Strangle Law-Stationer,
(etc., etc.)

In a word, the legal sweethearts have fallen down bang on the romance-angle and are therefore, for all journalistic purposes, out.

Twilight

As somebody remarked the other day, these survivors of the Kipling Era who still hang doggedly on in Simla clubs, while the ground bubbles and heaves beneath their feet, are a startling and saddening spectacle. The lordly, dashing Stricklands and Tarrions and Golightlys, the omnipotent Mrs. Hauksbees and the cruel Mrs. Reivers—where do they come into the ominous new India of Gandhi and Nehru? Or even into the England of Attlee?

These are, or were, the top-drawer specimens of Kipling's India. As for the remainder, with their shoddy little feuds and love-affairs, they could fit in anywhere at Home, no doubt. We never thought it fair of Slogger Kipling to



"A tall, dark man will cross your path—and later your name from the list of directors"



Revival of the Belvoir Hunt Pony Club at Easton Hall, Near Grantham

Lady Cholmeley, wife of Sir Hugh Cholmeley, who lent Easton Hall for the pony club, with her eleven-year-old son Monty, who was one of the riders

Virginia Barford and her six-year-old sister Sarah, who was the youngest rider, with Sir Hugh Cholmeley. Sir Hugh, who is the fifth baronet, succeeded his father in 1914

pillory that suburbia which is the foundation of the far-flung Raj, but the great little Slogger himself had a slightly vulgar streak, alas. He could hardly have endured the thought that Pandit Nehru is an Old Harrovian.

Anyway, his India is as dead and gone as the India of *Little Henry and His Bearers*, that improving Early Victorian work. Little Henry when he grew up and cultivated whiskers probably got it in the neck from his bearers during the Mutiny of 1857. This seems a more satisfying and heroic end than mouldering discontentedly away in some rural gossip-hole in the South of England, but it affords less opportunity for meditating on Life's illusions, after all.

Our plesance here is all vain glory,
This fals world is but transitory,
The flesh is bruckle, the Feynd is slee:
Timor mortis conturbat me.

Even Scotsmen admit it, you observe.

Gesture

WHILE half Europe starves, some 66 tons of good bread a month are chucked into dustbins by the citizens of Edinburgh, according

to the Ministry of Food. Reminding one of Lord Dawlish and the kerb-salesman in the Wodehouse story:

It was precisely three days, said the man, mournfully inflating a dying rooster, since his offspring had tasted bread.

This did not touch Lord Dawlish very deeply. He was not very fond of bread.

Probably Edinburgh, wolping halesome parritch, looks on bread as a sissy Southron food. This is flying in the face of the Auld Alliance, since the Scots' old buddies the French adore bread, and have about 189 proverbial sayings concerning it. For example, a French industrial millionaire lunching on ortolans and Chambertin will shrug, when dismissing a too-risky proposition, and say: "*Je ne mange pas de ce pain-là*," as if he were a peasant of the Cotentin. And there is a well-known native description of the Typical Middle-Class Frenchman as "a gentleman with a decoration who eats a lot of bread and knows no geography."

Certainly those long crisp golden *filûtes* of French bread are alluring. Edinburgh bakers might try them on the rugged populace. Or else stop baking, or dance an eightsome reel, or go into the film-racket with Mr. A. J. ("Jolly Miller") Rank, or emigrate—why should we lie awake worrying over the affairs of Edinburgh bakers? It seems just too stupid.

Jaunt

NOW they're to get £1000 a year apiece the legislative boys will probably (we learn) stop fighting to go on those jolly "investigation" beanfeasts or jamborees to the Continent or the Dominions which they enjoy, bless their hearts, almost as much as the Great British Taxpaying Sap who foots the bill.

On the last occasion, not long ago, when two M.P.s were chosen for a trip to Paris, it was cancelled—if you remember—at the last moment. This moved us to a melancholy little dirge which you might like us to sing here and now. No? Right:

(Slowly and with sincere sympathy.)

Two empty stalls in the Folies-Bergère,

Two missing faces so bright;

Fifi and Froufrou will look for them there

(Two empty stalls in the Folies-Bergère),

Oh, what a fearful plight!

Paris will miss all that clear Nordic laughter,

Rattling the window and shaking the rafter,

Two empty stalls in the Folies-Bergère,

Two broken hearts—and does nobody care?

Ah, zut alors! *Je m'en fich'!* Viv' la guerre!

Two empty stalls tonight.



The Marchioness of Northampton, Col. H. C. M. Stockdale, the Marquess of Northampton and Lt.-Col. A. J. S. Fetherstonhaugh



Holloway, Northampton
Spectators at the Pytchley Hunt Pony Club Hunter Trials

Lt. C. Wake Walker, R.N., his wife, Lady Anne Wake Walker, daughter of the Earl and Countess of Spencer, and Mrs. E. D. Miller, O.B.E.



"You must try to pedal a little harder on these hills, dear"

Winners at the Bramham Moor Point-to-Point Being Presented With Their Trophies by Lady Bingley



Mr. J. C. Gilpin, winner of the Bramham Moor Hunt members' race on *Rocket V.*, receives the cup from Lady Bingley, wife of Sir George Bingley, of Bramham Park. (Behind, right) Sir William Brooksbank, Clerk of the Course



Mr. A. H. Thomlinson, of the Bedale, who won the M.F.H.'s nomination race on *Prince Tarpon*



Capt. C. N. G. MacAndrew, winner of the Bramham Moor and Adjacent Hunts' maiden race on *Scarface*



Mr. W. H. Wellburn, on *Perfect Night*, won the Farmers' Challenge Cup, which is presented by the Princess Royal

By "Sabretache"

PICTURES IN THE FIRE

The Three Darweshes

AFTER Kashmir, Simla, called by some "India's Hill Capua," a description of not very good omen, for even Smith Minor knows what happened to the prototype city both before and after Hannibal, the Hitler of his time. By others Simla has been called The Venusberg of Himalayas, and, speaking as one with intimate knowledge, I am inclined to believe that the latter is the better designation—if, that is to say, Simla is even a ghost of its former self. However changed it may be, it must still be infected by that curious atmosphere which has caused so many to think only of their department and their deportment; of red tape "five fadoms" long; of office boxes full of files, and of red-clad chuprassis and of jhampanis, garbed in every colour of the magnetic prism. Before proceeding further, most people know that neither chuprassis nor jhampanis are edible. A Darwesh is a voyager who usually writes as truthful a narrative as possible about what has befallen him on his travels. Four of them did this in an "epic" in Urdu entitled *The Bagh o' Bahar*, so familiar to so many British subalterns. If our three modern expressions follow precedent, what a fascinating volume may be in prospect! In the days that are gone there used to be played at a place called The Chalet a game known as "Waves and Billows." The rules were as intricate as those of the Eton wall game, so, naturally, they are far too long to explain in this place. Nevertheless, our Darweshes must have noticed that there are still any amount of waves and billows beating upon that lovely mountain side 7000 ft. above sea-level.

Phantoms

CHANGES there must have been since you and I and the Other Chap were in Simla, but one thing cannot have changed: those monkeys must be still there, and a reincarnation of the old recluse who used to feed them may still be sitting on the top of Jakko, the monkey hill. The shades of fair ladies and their gallants probably still revisit the glimpses of the moon on that romantic Long Road up from Annandale; the enterprising leopard may still come down the hillside like a flash and carry away Amanda's pet poodle; Peterhof, the abode of the Pilot of Foreign Affairs, may still stand, and so may Snowdon, the aerie of the Grim War Lords, and even Squires' Hall may have survived; Naldera may still exercise its alluring spell, especially upon those smitten by the Divine Rod; those deodars may still waft their strange, enveloping fragrance over all the scene, but it is certain sure that our much-tried pilgrims, unless they are very sensitive to the fitting shadows, must have missed so much that once was Simla. They never knew the originals, so how can they be expected to recognise the phantoms?

Chester

IT is doubtful whether this meeting provided us with any clues to future classic events. Personal prejudices are always apt to be dangerous guides, but mine are that Chester form is only very obliquely useful for Epsom and of no value at all for Newmarket. Sky High's win in the Vase was a fighting one, and upon that day at any rate there were no signs of his preferring discretion—or indiscretion—to Valour. The opinion of a very shrewd lynx, who was there for me, was very favourable about this doubtful character. He was full of praise. Mr. Phil Bull says that, in his view, Sky High's terrific pursuit of Rivaz last season broke his heart. There have been definite hints of bad temper this year, but he showed no signs of it in the Union Jack Stakes at Aintree, or in this Chester Vase battle à l'outrance. Do either of these performances, however, put him on the

big map of the war? We do not know yet. I should hate to be made to answer "Yes" or "No." As a two-year-old he was sometimes a bit more than difficult, and it is impossible to forget his tantrums at Windsor. My Chester friend says that plenty of stones were thrown at Sunstorm, who started a hot favourite, but that they were not deserved. He beat himself pulling, and lack of courage had nothing to do with his defeat. The great *tache* upon the whole proceedings at Chester was John Peel being left at the post in the race for the Cup. He might just as well have been at home in his box. Compensation is sure to come, and that very soon.

"The Best Horses of 1945"

MR. PHIL BULL's annual aid to knowledge has once again made its most welcome appearance. The owner offers an apology for its arriving a little later than he desired, but there has been a very good cause, for the added volume of racing last season has meant a colossal amount of additional work. This book is something much more than just a collection of pedigrees and performances; it is a skilful review and commentary by someone who does not go about with his eyes shut, and makes a very good success of seeing a bit farther through a brick wall than many other people are able to do. Mr. Bull writes so well; he knows his subject and has, withal, a pungent style of his own which, personally, I find invigorating. Other people find that it does something else to them, and I note that our author and Mr. John Loder of *The Field*, who has also very positive ideas of his own, have been crossing swords, principally over the Bruce Lowe system, which Mr. Bull does not regard as infallible—to put it mildly—and in which Mr. Loder has much more faith. Of course, the Bruce Lowe system is no more infallible than the one upon which French breeders base their ideas, the Jument Base, but both provide matter for study and encouragement to further research. Even the learned Homer nodded! Most people will be principally interested in what Mr. Bull has to say about such fallen idols as Gulf Stream, Khaled, Radiotherapy and Co. in view of recent events. Our author's verdict on Gulf Stream's two-year-old record coincides with that of most people, but Mr. Bull possibly may not be as much dumb-founded by this colt's recent eclipse as we are. It would be most interesting to be given his view of the Two Thousand *débâcle*. Mr. Bull bases his high estimate upon Gulf Stream's defeat of the brilliant Rivaz. It may be just possible that we ought to regard this Guineas display as too bad to be true. Happy Knight won over a course eminently suited to his conformation; Gulf Stream was out-paced; the distance was only a mile. I gather that Mr. Bull would like to see a "man with hands and legs" on Khaled, the lazy, but extremely good-looking. On looks and make and shape, I do not think that anyone could find a colt of more perfect model for Epsom. He is a very placid and good-tempered colt, handy on his legs and just the right type for the Epsom Downs (and Ups). We do not know what to think about the other failures. Aldis Lamp ought to be good, but we have this devastating defeat in front of us. Radiotherapy did not look like beating Khaled in the Guineas, and possibly we may have to look for an outsider to bring our money home on June 5th. Lord Derby's other one, Fleet Street, is in many mouths; personally, I do not follow it; others talk of Royal Commission and many others. The hard, outstanding fact is that Sir William Cooke's Goliath laid out the very best that could be brought against him absolutely stone cold. How such a big one will act over a totally different course remains to be seen. I wish Mr. Bull could produce *The Best Horses of 1946* at once! It would help us all tremendously.

The Parliamentary Golf Handicap at Walton Heath



Sir Charles MacAndrew, M.P. for Bute and Northern Division of Ayr since 1935



Lord Balfour of Burleigh, who is the seventh baron and succeeded in 1921



Lord Moran, of Manton, in Wiltshire, who was created a baron in 1943



Lord Saltoun of Abernethy is one of the Scottish peers whose title dates back to 1445



Viscount Simon, Major Lloyd George, the M.P. for Pembroke, and Lord Teviot before the match



Major A. J. Mitchell Clarke, F/Lt. Harry G. Bentley (Royal Aero Club), Mr. P. J. Clive and Mr. Michael S. C. Gull (The Bath Club)

The Bath Club Inter-Club Competition at Woking, Surrey



Lt.-Col. J. S. O. Haslewood, Major G. H. Dixon, Mr. G. H. Micklem and Major P. W. Marsham



Dr. D. Curran, Mr. T. R. A. Bevan, Mr. T. F. Blackwell, Mr. R. J. V. Sweeny and Mr. R. H. Cobbald



Mr. G. A. Hill, Mr. Eustace Storey, Mr. R. Rutherford and Mr. Kenneth Maurice



Major G. W. Holt, Mr. John Alley, Major R. L. Kennedy and Mr. C. G. Toppin



Major Francis Ricardo and Major J. O. Fane, and Mr. J. C. T. Mills and Mr. R. J. V. Sweeny

LAWN TENNIS and Other Pastimes

John Cliffe

HOW is a lawn-tennis writer to know when his readers have assimilated the knowledge that Miss Kay Stammers and Mrs. Menzies, or Miss Jean Nicoll and Mrs. Bostock, are one and the same person?

Must he continue indefinitely to refer to Mrs. Little as "better known as Miss Dorothy Round," or Mrs. Cooke as "better known as Mrs. Fabian and better known still as Miss Sarah Palfrey"?

After a lapse of six years, most of the younger players who made a name for themselves before the war are now married. Could they not, in the interests of the public, to say nothing of the poor critic with his miserable allowance of newsprint, emulate their sisters of the stage and screen by continuing to play under their maiden names?

The great American Press has partially solved the problem by speaking of its champions as Mrs. Sarah Palfrey-Fabian-Cooke and Mrs. Helen Wills-Moody-Roarke. This method, of course, is impracticable with their favourites of the stage and screen, who marry more frequently. But here it would seem to be a solution, if only some bold critic would take the plunge.

The popular Press—that is to say, the very popular Press—sweeps the problem joyously from its path by referring to the players as Kay, Jean and Helen, as if they were their own stepchildren.

For Mr. James Agate there would be no problem. He would nimbly side-step it in his inimitable manner by calling Mrs. Michael Menzies "la Stammers" and Mrs. Edward Bostock "la Nicoll," and that would be that, take it or leave it.

But the lawn-tennis public is a very much smaller public than the public to which Mr. Agate ministers, and it is one that has to be wooed, and scientifically wooed at that. It is necessary to know what percentage of it smiles complacently and feels that it is getting information straight from the horse's mouth when told of the exploits of "Kay and Jean" on the Centre Court and what percentage is slightly nauseated by it.

The first distinguished lady player who marries and continues to play under the name by which the public knows her will earn my eternal gratitude.

Before my space runs out I should like to refer to that most promising newcomer to first-class lawn tennis, who, incidentally, receives my temporary gratitude for not having changed her name in holy wedlock yet—Miss Joan Curry, of Torquay.

Up to the date of writing Miss Curry has played in one London tournament, which she won in an impressive manner, and I forecast a great future for her in the game.

I last referred to her in this column when she had just won the Women's Squash Rackets Tournament at Queen's by beating in the final Mrs. Geoffrey Powell (la Noel), or, if you prefer it, Joan beat Susan, chums!

British Hockey Teams from Home and Abroad



The Middlesex XI.

Middlesex beat Kent in the final inter-county match by 3 goals to 1 at Folkestone. (Sitting) C. K. S. Smith, Major N. Thomas, R. L. Milsted (captain), R. E. Pearmund, E. L. Lawrence; (standing) D. O. Light (President of the Middlesex County Hockey Association), Major J. Balmer, J. Marks, P. Davies, N. Miroy, A. L. Martyn, G. H. Porter, A. M. Munt, —(Sec.)



The Kent Side

Kent lost to Middlesex in the first international hockey match for seven years on the county cricket ground at Folkestone. (Sitting) E. G. Forster, F. Jerrey, J. E. Miller (captain), L. W. A. Osborne, E. J. Berrill; (standing) C. F. H. Wagstaff (Sec.), R. G. Clayton, F. Castle, the Rev. D. C. Carlyle, L. Timmerman, F/Lt. L. A. S. Spong, G. F. Aste, R. S. Shacklady



D. R. Stuart

The Ironsides Hockey XI.

This team is composed of officers of the Royal Tank Regiment in Germany, Italy and C.M.F., and they are touring this country and Denmark. At Folkestone they beat all their opponents except the French side. (Sitting) Lt. B. H. Clarke, Capt. A. L. T. Sassoon, Major D. J. Coulson (captain), Major A. H. Austin, Capt. C. G. Evered; (standing) Capt. H. Fane-Hervey, Lt. R. C. Parsey, Capt. H. C. Ironside, Lt. P. B. Taylor, Major W. H. Close, Capt. P. J. Hewitt

ELIZABETH BOWEN

reviewing

BOOKS

"Then and Now" "None Shall Know" "The Wolf at the Door"
 "Houses: Permanence and Prefabrication"

"Then and Now"

AT the news, "The new Somerset Maugham is historical!" a number of honest faces may fall. We have in the main expected from Mr. Maugham an intense, somewhat surgical modernity—far, far from the dream-land of rapiers and ruffs. For, let us admit, to most of us the historical novel stands for a blend of desperate deeds and costume. There is, of course, a variant: the rather close-packed tale containing long conversations, annotated to show how true they are, and creaking (to the sensitive ear) throughout with the effort to reconstruct "period" psychology. *Then and Now* (Heinemann; 10s. 6d.), it need hardly be said, belongs with neither of these types—would Mr. Maugham give us a type novel? Steel is not drawn in our presence, and ruffs are not yet worn—the story begins in October 1502. The scene is Renaissance Italy; the two central figures are Machiavelli and Caesar Borgia.

There is no attempt to reconstruct Italian Renaissance psychology, because Mr. Maugham would appear to have inherited it. I ought to be surprised by the ease and sureness with which he handles these slippery people. Actually I am not, because of a long-held theory that Somerset Maugham belongs to another age than our own, and that his diagnosis of modernity is a *tour de force* rather than the result of affinity. Clever as it takes, he can do anything. None the less, his twentieth-century worldlings, though irreproachable in their idiom and poise and finish, have sometimes seemed to me aliens under the skin—aliens, that is to say, to our own day. And I extend this feeling to their creator. In the period pictured in *Then and Now*, Mr. Maugham seems to me to be breathing his native air.

Then and Now, by the way, does not skip about in time, as its title might at a glance suggest. No one of the characters wakes from history to find himself in our more blessed age. The story keeps to the "then": the "now" is present, though forcibly present, only by analogy. If the analogy fails to strike you, you, as a reader, fail. *Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose*.

Antagonists

WHAT is the situation? Machiavelli, servant of the Signory of Florence (from which the Medici have recently been banished), is sent from Florence to Imola, to negotiate with Caesar Borgia. Caesar—now known as Il Valentino, having been created a duke in that name by the King of France—is on the move: he is the terror of Italy. With his army of gangster captains and cut-throat mercenaries, he has swept through the country, from state to state, occupying the cities that surrendered, sacking those which preferred to resist and fall. He has bought alliance with France; he has, so long as his father the Borgia Pope lives, papal prestige and power behind him. His booty is vast and his scruples none. His intentions with regard to Florence are ambiguous: the city—rich, prosperous and given over to commerce—would be a fat prize. The republic of Florence, not more than dubiously fortified by a promise of support from the French King, is becoming uneasy—to put it mildly. It is essential to come to terms, which must be the best available, with Il Valentino. Hence Machiavelli's mission: he goes to the Duke at Imola as envoy, not as plenipotentiary. This is for him an advantage: he is enabled, while, daily, couriers gallop to and fro, to play for more and more time and spy out the land without committing either himself or Florence.

To the Duke, who likes to get things done on the nail, Machiavelli's non-empowered state is infuriating: Il Valentino intimates, in no measured terms, that his patience is likely to be exhausted. Though at meek, occupied Imola Machiavelli is met by an imposing exhibit of Il Valentino's power, the Duke's position is not, this autumn, actually too good. (Machiavelli well knows this, and the Duke knows he knows it.) Il Valentino's captains are in revolt, and are possessing themselves of the Duke's conquered possessions; the Orsini, that redoubtable Roman faction, are out for trouble; and the behaviour of the Gascon mercenaries sent by the King of France (with whom it would be unwise to fall out) is unpredictable. On the

(Concluded on page 252)

CARAVAN
CAUSERIE

By Richard King

JOY is always well ahead of Time. And a little wishful-thinking does nobody any harm.* You have only got to look around the world to-day to start thinking wishfully in a state bordering on panic. Everybody is doing it more or less; most of all, strangely enough, the Government. They call it "planning," and, in spite of the most minute encouragement from those who are being planned for, they still go blithely forward upsetting what order remains for the superb ordering which will mould our destinies one day—perhaps. It must be very upsetting, therefore, for the Cabinet to listen to the mounting shrieks of those who cry out for powdered eggs, nylon stockings, more fat, more domestic servants, less hampering bureaucracy, less red-tape, a little more all-round happiness in our time. O Lord!, fewer strikes, absenteeism, to say nothing of experiencing such apparently totally unexpected calamities as the end of Lease-Lend and a world shortage of most things fit to eat.

Nothing is so disconcerting as being faced suddenly with the point at issue when imagination is well into our own pet Land of Promise. It is like being in the midst of artistic creation and interrupted by the gas-man come to read the meter. Everything just goes flat, and the soaring spirit wilts as when the first kiss of love has a definite flavour of recent onions.

Things being as they are, no wonder there is more escapism rampant in the world than at any time anybody remembers. And why this escapism should be regarded by the practical and matter-of-fact as something reprehensible, like becoming imbued by a flat-footed kind of "fey," I simply can't imagine. Without it existence would often be drab indeed. In any case, life sees to it that none of us escape too often or for too long. Some kind of immediate frustration is always just around the corner.

Personally, I think that the happiest life must be the life wherein work is not only a question of wages, but a fulfilment of our inner aspirations as well. Inversely, the most unhappy life, the one in which work is hard labour all the time. Work, however, is essential—if we are to enjoy our leisure. Though the Austenian world reads in this age of truculency and transition like a Golden Age, and perhaps would be if only we of 1946 could go back 100 years and more with the experience we now possess, I sometimes think that the actual leisured classes of that bygone age must have found a strange emptiness in life. To open a book immediately after breakfast, close it to do a little sewing, lay that aside to take a little walk; go out shooting or hunting on fine days and drink yourself half-under the table on wet ones, must have left awful voids in existence. A delightful world to visit in a book, but rather an empty chattering one to live in, I should imagine.

People talk a great deal about the drudgery of work; but if it be happy work, I cannot imagine a rich and fruitful life without it. It is better to feel tired than bored. The operative word, however, is "happy." Freedom from want is never quite all the story.

The fulfilment of our individual personality is almost as important. Housewives are more interested in houses, food and children's shoes than in nationalisation. While men are more desirous of being able to choose their own jobs than having these jobs chosen for them. It is happier to live vitally than to live simply securely. Few of us have such a dead look as those who, avoiding all hurdles at sight, are content always to canter in placid dependence along the flat.



Lord de Freyne with his pointer Belladonna, and his mother, Lady de Freyne, with her poodle Vanguard of French Park, who were winners of two first and one third prize at the show



Little Miss Billie Donnan, a young exhibitor from Northern Ireland, with her Irish wolfhound Flynn of Bremore, which won first prize in the Puppy Dog and Bitch Class, being judged by Mr. A. W. Fullwood

Poole, Dublin

Record Irish Kennel Club's Championship Show at Ballsbridge, Dublin

GETTING MARRIED

The "Tatler and Bystander's"
Review of Weddings



Colville — Booth

Mr. Ronald J. B. Colville, only son of Sir John Colville, Governor of Bombay, and of Lady Colville, of Braidwood House, Lanarkshire, married Miss Joan M. Booth, elder daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. E. B. Booth, of Darver Castle, Dundalk, Co. Louth, Eire



Shankland — Wood

Mr. H. Victor Shankland, son of Mr. and Mrs. Horace Shankland, of Guildford, Surrey, married Miss Rosemary Wood, youngest daughter of Mr. Henry Wood, of Copthorne Bank, Sussex, and of the late Mrs. Wood, of Rhyl, Denbighshire, at Hampstead Parish Church



Duke — Burn

Brig. G. W. Duke, C.B.E., D.S.O., R.E., elder son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. A. A. G. Duke, of Runfold, Farnham, Surrey, married Miss Mary E. Burn, F.A.N.Y., elder daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Eric M. Burn, of Church Stretton, Shropshire, at St. Mary's, Kuala Lumpur, Malaya. Gen. Sir Frank Messervy gave the bride away



Right: Major R. D. Foord-Kelsey, R.E., of Little Gaddesden, Herefordshire, married Miss Ada Philippa Wheatcroft, daughter of Lt.-Col. J. D. Wheatcroft, J.P., of "Yokecliffe," Wirksworth, near Derby

Foord-Kelsey — Wheatcroft



Baker — Lockhart

Col. Geoffrey H. Baker, R.A., only son of the late Col. C. N. Baker, and of Mrs. Baker, married Miss Valerie S. H. Lockhart, younger daughter of Major J. L. Lockhart, of West Mersea Island, Essex, and of the late Mrs. Lockhart, at Wilkyham Village Church



Filipowski — Crommelin-Brown

Capt. F. K. Filipowski, Polish Cavalry, younger son of the late Col. and Mme. Filipowski, of Lwow, Poland, and Vienna, married Miss Pauline Crommelin-Brown, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Crommelin-Brown, of Brook House, Repton, Derbyshire



Gethin — Bartlett

Lt.-Col. Richard P. St. L. Gethin, R.E.M.E., elder son of Col. Sir Richard Gethin, C.M.G., D.S.O., and Lady Gethin, married Miss Fara Bartlett, 2nd Officer, W.R.N.S., youngest daughter of the late Mr. J. H. Bartlett, and of Mrs. Bartlett, of Garrick's Villa, Hampton-on-Thames

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SUNNY DAYS AHEAD

COOL WASHING-FROCKS

Debenham & Freebody, long famous for their washing-frocks, are now reintroducing an old pre-war favourite—linen. The dress on the right is made in several lovely pastel shades; it washes beautifully, and on the hottest day is crisp and cool-looking. The shoulder line is new and little scallops outline the shoulder yoke and hip line



On the left, the two girls have chosen cotton prints of lovely colourings. Lisbeth (left) is wearing a new design of *Horrockses'* white fern on a pale-blue ground. *Lillywhites* will have this dress in stock next month. Jane (right) has a gay garden frock, brightly patterned with flowers and very youthful with its neat "Peter Pan" collar and slit hip pockets. *Debenham & Freebody* have this



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ELIZABETH BOWEN reviewing BOOKS

(Continued from page 247)

other hand, Florence, long strange to the arts of war, is, militarily, as weak as she is, from the point of view of Il Valentino, slippery.

Such are the conditions under which the two wily antagonists, Machiavelli and Cesare Borgia, confront one another. Seldom can wits have been better matched—and, which is all the more fascinating—the antagonists feel, from the first moment, not only mutual admiration but an unexpressed temperamental sympathy.

Why not?

THE Duke's methods, naturally, are the more direct. His contempt for democracy—which Florence represents, and for which Machiavelli, as the Florentine envoy, must be spokesman—is frank. Here is the conversation in which Il Valentino attempts to buy out Machiavelli from the Florentine cause:—

"Is it possible that you are devoid of ambition?"

"Far from it, Excellency," smiled Machiavelli. "My ambition is to serve my state to the best of my ability."

"That is just what you will not be allowed to do. You know better than anyone that in a republic talent is suspect. A man attains high office because his mediocrity prevents him from being a menace to his associates. That is why a democracy is ruled, not by the men who are most competent to rule it, but by the men whose insignificance can excite nobody's apprehension. Do you know what are the cankers that eat out the heart of a democracy?"

He looked at Machiavelli as though waiting for an answer, but Machiavelli said nothing.

"Envy and fear. The petty men in office are envious of their colleagues, and rather than that one of them should gain reputation will prevent him from taking a measure on which may depend the safety and prosperity of the state; and they are fearful because they know that all about them are those who will stop at neither lies nor trickery to step into their shoes. And what is the result? The result is that they are more afraid of doing wrong than zealous to do right. They say that dog doesn't bite dog: whoever invented that proverb never lived under a democratic government."

Machiavelli's reasons for not joining the Duke are in the end simpler, nearer the heart than might be expected—though a cynic, the Florentine was not all calculation: never was he the "man with soul so dead . . ." We are to find him human in other than that respect: Machiavelli was an inveterate womanizer. His pursuit of Monna Aurelia, luscious young wife of the worthy Imola merchant, Bartolomeo Martelli, adds piquancy—if also further strain—to his diplomatic sojourn in that city. Alas, the illustrious Florentine shows himself just too clever; he over-intrigues, overshoots the mark. The high-spirited, bawdy comedy of this chase—in which the lady's confessor, her mother, even her husband play their Machiavelli-inspired parts—provides the counterplot of *Then and Now*. Piero, the lute-playing eighteen-year-old whom Machiavelli (to oblige the young man's uncle) has brought with him from Florence to Imola as secretary, turns out to be less green than he appeared. Inevitably, there are moments when love and diplomacy clash—and the Duke, whose intelligence service is, needless to say, infallible, does not fail to profit by this one chink in Machiavelli's armour.

Then and Now is, you may gather, a novel for grown-ups—by which I mean, for the disabused. And, if you begin with even some sketchy knowledge of Italian Renaissance history, that will help—though, to have followed the Nuremberg trials should be a pretty good substitute. As by no means everything in the story happens at Imola, I recommend a map—though that will not be needed by those who have lately fought their way up Italy.

Pimpernel

IN *None Shall Know* (Chatto & Windus, 7s. 6d.) I did not find Martha Albrand quite at her best: she herself, in her previous *Without Orders* and *Endure No Longer* has set us a fatally high standard in war-interest psychological thrillers. The scene of her latest novel is Switzerland: her hero and heroine, an attractive pair of upper-class young Swiss, are both, unbeknownst to each other, engaged in dangerous enterprises involving dashes over the German Frontier. Miss Albrand tells us, in the first few pages, what Julian and Antonia are both doing; therefore, we have the irritation—for that was the state of mind it induced in me—of watching them, up to almost the last page, misreading each other's characters and motives. Julian, the seeming fop (in which he resembles our dear Sir Percy, the Pimpernel) loves Antonia, but feels that he should not declare his love because he must hold his life forfeit at any moment. She, loving him with no less ardent a flame, cannot help wondering why he does not speak; also, given the world situation (the time of the story is 1944) she cannot but ask herself why Julian does not do something about it, instead of trotting about Europe buying pictures. It is only when both Julian and Antonia fall into the clutches of the Gestapo, and are flung into the same cell, that an *éclaircissement* follows. Is it, however, too late?

Autobiography

The Wolf at the Door (Michael Joseph, 10s. 6d.) is the autobiography of Michael Barsley—creator of the notorious Colonel Bogus. A smash-and-grab attitude to his own past, and a lordly ignoring of continuity (whose demands make so many life-stories dull) ensures this autobiography's being something unique. The story opens on Armistice Day, 1918, and closes on VE-Day, 1945. Neat. Myself, I like the part about Oxford best: Mr. Barsley was up when "the Four B's"—Bloods, Buchmanites, Blackshirts and Bolshies—were at their heyday. Inside notes on clerical life, advertising and the B.B.C. are, however, not to be missed. I recommend *The Wolf at the Door*—perhaps, recklessly.

More Houses

Houses: Permanence and Prefabrication is a further, and very distinguished, contribution to the literature of housing. The author's name is given as Hugh Anthony: actually, this is a pseudonym concealing two well-known architects. In publishing this volume, at 6s., Pleiades Books—whose only too few productions one ought never to miss—maintain their reputation: the cover, the illustrations (drawings and photographs) and the general layout are a joy to the eye.

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AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

Pageantry and All That

It is good to see some attempt being made to revive the bright, spectacular and amusing side of aviation. We have supped full of bombers and fighters and are, most of us, anxious to see something of the little, personal aeroplanes, and of the racing and aerobatics that we used to enjoy. Now, on June 22, the Southampton Branch of the Air League of the British Empire is holding a full-scale Air Pageant at Southampton Airport, and there is to be a static exhibition—opening on the 15th—run in conjunction with it. And it is especially cheering to those of us who have been in flying since the early days to know that the Chairman of the Southampton Branch of the Air League is Mr. H. P. Folland.

Folland is one of our greatest designers. He designed the best fighters of the first World War and, thereafter, he designed some of the best racing machines, including seaplanes for the Schneider Trophy. And it is worth remembering that the last and finest biplane used by the Royal Air Force, a machine which did wonderful work in the war just ended, was designed by Folland. It was the Gloster Gladiator.

Folkestone

Then there is the Folkestone air race. It looks as if there may be a fairly good entry for it in spite of all the difficulties.

Lympne was the centre of some of the useful competition work for light aeroplanes that succeeded the first World War. Those competitions, though they did not in themselves produce readily saleable machines, stimulated thought upon light aeroplanes in general and encouraged progress in the clubs and schools.

Air racing is a rather different affair. It has had glorious successes—as in the Schneider Trophy series—and it has had failures—occasions where bad accidents marred things, or where the safety measures were so stringent that the racing became boring to see. But I feel that racing between low-powered aircraft can still be made a good spectacle. And I am sure that there will always be room for the really



The Vampire which is a single-seater fighter, is the first jet aircraft ever to land and take off successfully from an aircraft carrier. It is powered by the de Havilland Goblin jet engine, and is of unusual twin-boomed design. The Vampire can reach high speeds, which are as yet undisclosed, and it is armed by four 20 mm. cannons

high-speed event. I think that if Princess Bibesco gives the proposed new Trophy for a high-speed event, it may produce another series of events as noteworthy as the Schneider Trophy. But with present-day speeds the difficulties in formulating the rules so that there is adequate safety, yet also adequate interest, are enormous.

Kopter Knowledge

I saw the other day one of those weird certificates the Americans like to amuse themselves by granting. It was given to Wing Commander R. A. C. Brie—our best helicopter pilot—and it read: "Kollege of Kopter Knowledge. Be it known by these contents that Reggie A. C. Brie, Wing Commander, having remained motionless in space, flown forward, backward, sideward and vertically without serious consequences, is awarded this certificate for successful completion of the Helicopter Pilot Training Course on this Sixth day of September, and is duly acknowledged to be a genuine Hoverbug (honorary)."

Brie has been flying rotary wing aircraft longer than most people and has done more special experiments with them than anybody. His experiment in putting down and picking up mails from the roof of the General Post Office in London is best remembered; but he has done a host of equally interesting tests. I

heard the other day that his son, Cadet G. C. A. Brie, came first in the Graduation Order of Merit of No. 19 Flying Training School at Cranwell and got a Distinguished Pass. So who shall say that aeronautical enthusiasm is not hereditary?

Red Flags

Just as so many people seem to be taking to the red flag, the motor industry is thinking of celebrating its abolition fifty years ago, in 1896. July is the month chosen for the celebrations and the plans look most promising.

Personally, I am still without any very firm conviction about how motor cars will develop during the next fifty years, or even during the next five years. We must, assuredly, see drastic changes in looks and in chassis soon. But I cannot predict them. It may be that there will come a cleavage between the little runabout, used in cities and places where there is traffic congestion, and the touring vehicle which is better suited to cope with long-distance, high-speed work. There is something peculiarly irritating about being held up in traffic jams in a high-speed motor car. It is less irritating to be held up in a small runabout. If the car's top speed is about thirty-five miles an hour, waiting does not seem to matter so much as if the car's top speed is about one hundred miles an hour.

Nene and Clyde

I have heard the Nene (pronounced "neen") called a "ninny" and various other things, but although the pronunciation of its name may remain in doubt, there is no further doubt about its merits as a high-powered turbojet. It and the de Havilland Ghos—each with a static thrust of 2,270 kilograms (5,000 lb.)—are the most powerful turbojets in production in the world. The Germans were making higher-powered units, but they did not get them into production.

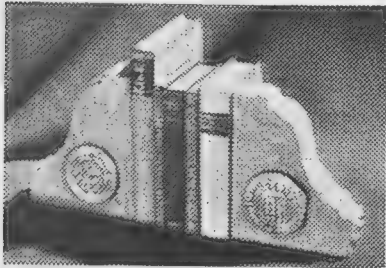
Then there is the Rolls-Royce Clyde, which is something quite new, as Air Commodore F. R. Banks made clear in the paper he read in Paris the other day. The Clyde combines axial and centrifugal compressors, each driven by its own turbine, the whole co-axial and driving a counter-rotating airscrew. So there is nothing much left out. Personally, I feel that the field for the Nene turbojet is greater than for any combination of gas turbine and airscrew.

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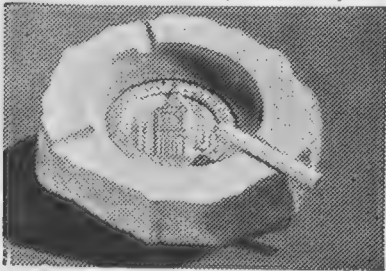
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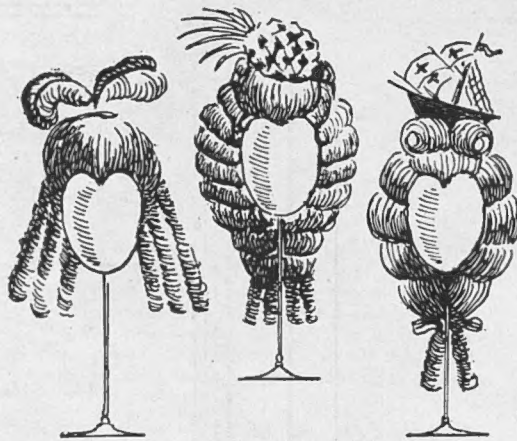
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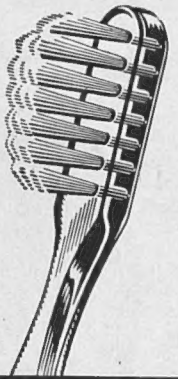
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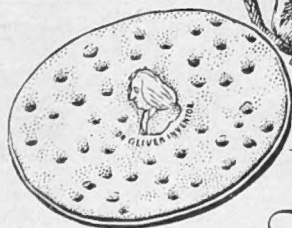
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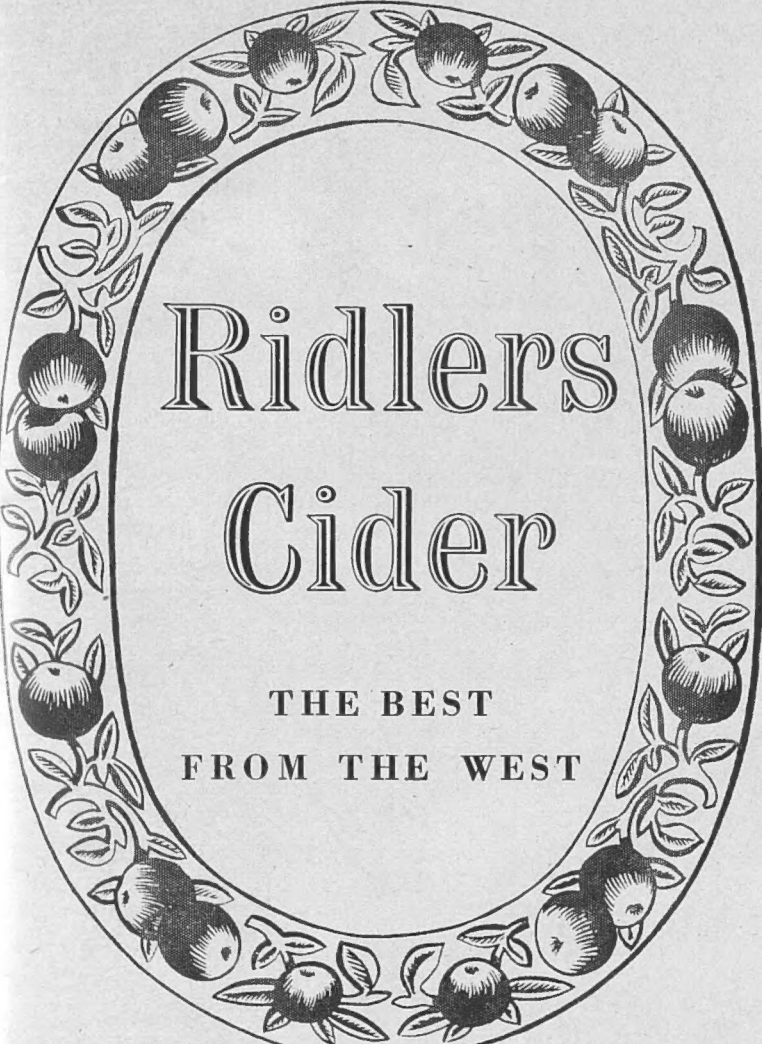
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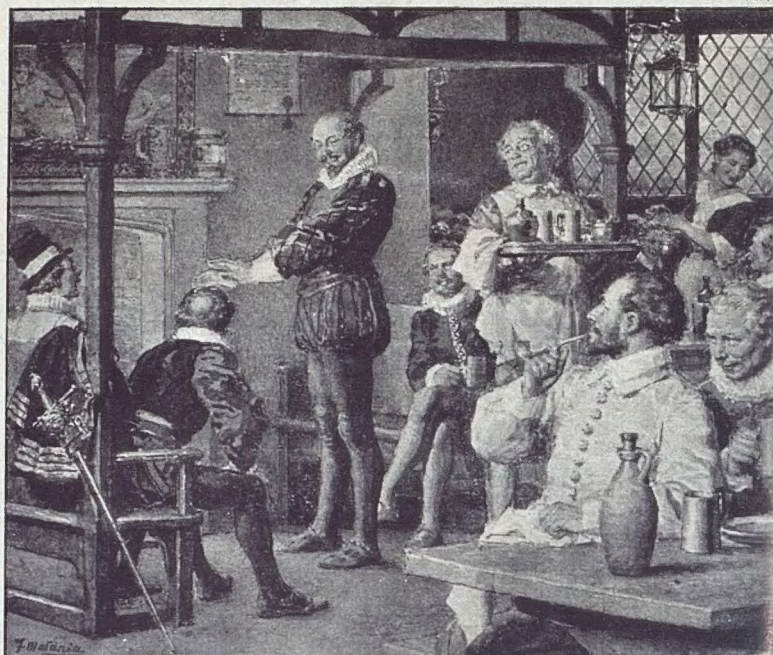
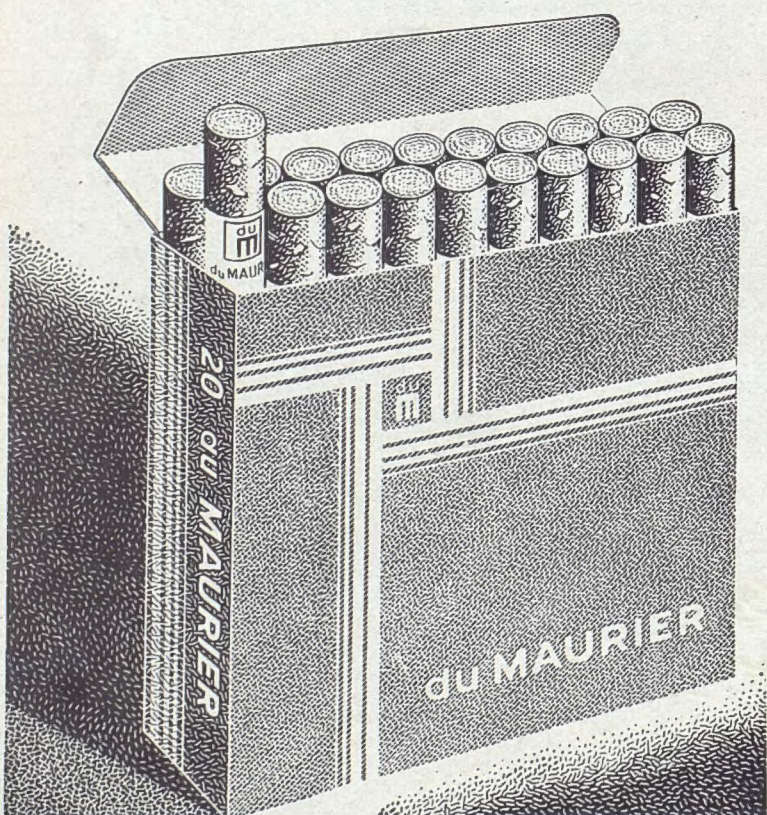
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